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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

HOPE.

True Hope is Jacob's staff indeed,
True hope is no Egyptian rod,
That springs from mire, or else can feed
On dirt or mud.

By hope just men are sanctified,
In the same ocean safe at anchor side,
Fearless of wreck by wind or tide,
By ebb and flood.

Hope is the top window of that ark,
Where all God's Noahs do embark;
Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark
Were such a season?

Wouldst thou not be engulfed or drowned,
When storms and tempests gather round,
Here thou canst anchor, try the ground:
Hope must have reason.

Hope hath a harvest in the spring,
In winter doth the summer sing,
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
Yet nips no bloom.

Hope brings me home when I'm abroad,
Soon as the first steps homeward trod,
In Hope, to Thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come!

MONEY.—BY ALP TYRO, JR.

Soul's sufferer! there is much
Of good and evil with thee—at thy tone
The orphan's tears are soiled, and with a start
The child's blood rushes back to his glad heart;
The old man's writhing, with a pale wife,
And little ones, the pulse of his life,
Clutches thee with wildness.

The young bride gazes on thee with mildness
And holds thee valueless, nor deems
That the world's future, brilliant though it seems,
May outgrow thee with many of her dreams.

Heart's opener! it is strange
Thy potency they may idly range
Not bid it quite;—thy silent and unname
The tongue of the keen diplomat—the brain
Of mystic are racked for thee—sweet innocence
Dows to thee, and with a pain intense
Is strangled. The still trumpet and the fife
Will summon thousands to the deadly strife
At thy behest. But say, can all thy might
Save a lost soul, or stay its parting flight,
Or pluck a star from heaven or quench its brilliant
light?

Joe Killet! there is naught
In the wide scope and mystery of thought
Worse than thy want; for it can break
Our deep all-things by the root, and make
The human soul a desert, the heart steel,
The feelings marble, and the mind to reel
With varying hope and agony—without thee
We are nothing. Yet about thee
Is something that we like, despite our hate;
The world has valued thee and calls thee great,
Then let us court thy smile and humbly bow to fate.

SONNET.—BY PUNCH.

I adore the ladies. They are fair
That sprout like this earth of ours;
From heavy-lidded, most delightful flowers,
Or choice cream-cheeses from soft still daisies.
But loathing, in the barbarous sciences,
Given the dear creatures many well-to-do hours,
And on their passer intellect stonily showers
Sciences, with all its herid accessories,
Now, seriously, the only things, I think,
In which young ladies should be instructed by,
Are of course, dancing, bowing, and coo-ling;
Accompanied, that very much will work,
Since Fashions, taste, and Standard conversation
Always form part of female education.

A GOOD JOKE. A good joke is related by one of the Cincinnati papers, of a gentleman in that city. He promised his wife a fine fat turkey for dinner on Thanksgiving day, and they were awaiting its arrival, when, hearing the bell ring, the gentleman hastened to the street door, picked up a basket, and returned to his wife saying, "Here, my dear, is the turkey." The lady took the basket and raised the covering, when to her astonished eyes appeared an interesting infant of an hour! Before fainting she had only breath to say, "Dear! if you call that a fine fat turkey, you can cook it yourself!"

INDIVIDUAL IMPORTANCE. An old woman was on the way to the gallows. The crowd around her were hurrying on, eager to obtain a place from which the tragedy could be seen. "You needn't hurry," said the old vixen, "you can't have any fun till I get there."

ONLINE. A stranger in Boston, a few days ago, having lost his way, said to an awkward fellow, "I want to go to Howard street." "Well," replied the fellow, walking easily on, "why the—don't you go there?"

A young Miss of New Bedford, Mass., has been required to pay twenty dollars for refusing to marry a suitor by the name of Hines, after having encouraged his visits.

An old lady hearing somebody say, "the mails are very irregular," said, "it was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

Or, "Who was the Hero of Saratoga?"

It was the Seventh of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies, now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear bracing day mellow with richness of Autumn; the sky was cloudless, the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat on yonder fields, frosted into snowy ripeness.

It was a calm clear day, but the tread of legions shook the ground. From every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel, on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Flags were there, too, tossing in the breeze; here the Banner of the Stars—yonder the Red Cross gonfalon.

Here in solid lines were arrayed the Continental soldier, pausing on their arms, their homely costume looking but poor and humble, when compared with the blaze of scarlet uniforms red-dens along yonder hills and over the distant fields. Ah, that hunting shirt of blue was but a rude dress, yet on the 19th of September, scarce two weeks ago, on these very hills, it taught the scarlet-coated Briton a severe lesson of repentance and humility.

Here, then, on the morning of this eventful day, which was to decide the fate of America, whether Gates should flee before Burgoyne, or Burgoyne lay down his arms at the feet of Gates, here at the door of his tent stood the American General, his countenance manifesting a deep anxiety.

Now he gazed upon the glittering array of Burgoyne, as it shone over yonder fields, and now his eye roved over those hardy men in hunting shirts, with rifles in their hands. He remembered the contest of the 19th, when Benedict Arnold, at the head of certain bold riflemen, carried the day, before all the glitter of British arms; and now—perchance—a fear seized him, that this 7th of October might be a dark day, for Arnold was not there. They had quarrelled, Arnold and Gates, about some matter of military courtesy; the former was now without a commission; the latter commanded, alone, and now would have to win glory for himself with his own hands.

Gates was sad and thoughtful, as in all the array of his men he stood before his tent, watching the evolutions of the armies, but all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, a chorus of shouts and groans, yelled along the darkened air. The play of death was begun. The two flags—the Stars, that of the Red Cross—tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded in leaden folds, and the earth throbbed as with the pulsation of a mighty heart.

Suddenly Gates and his officers started with surprise. Along the gentle height on which they stood, there came a Warrior on a Black Horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this Horse and his Rider, to strike them with surprise. The Horse was a noble animal; do you mark that expanse of chest, those slender yet sinewy limbs, that waving mane and tail? Do you mark the head erect, those nostrils quivering, that eye glaring with terrible light? Then his color—the raven is not darker than this skin, or maiden's cheek more glossy than his spotless hide.

Look upon that gallant steed, and remember the words of Job.

Has not given the horse strength? has not clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper. The glory of his nostrils is terrible! He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed man.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattles against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha! he snuffeth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

But the Rider presents also a sight of strange and peculiar interest. He is a man of muscular form, with a dark brow gathered in a frown, a darker eye, shooting its glance from beneath the projecting forehead. His lip is compressed—his throat, unloosened, exposes the veins of his bared throat, now writhing like serpents. It is plain that his spirit is with the distant battle, for neither looking to the right or left, not even casting a glance aside to Gates, he glares over his horse's head towards the smoke of conflict.

No sword waves in his grasp, but his hands rest on the reins hanging on his horse's neck, while his right side, the fingers quivering with the same agitation that blazes over his face.

Altogether it is a magnificent sight, that warrior in the blue uniform on his Black Horse, who moves along the soil at a brisk walk, his tail and mane tossing on the breeze. And as the noble horse moves on, the soldier speaks to him, and calls him by name, and lays his right hand on his glossy neck.

"Ho! WARREN—forward!"

Then that Black Horse—named after the friend of the soldier, a friend who now is sleeping near Bunker Hill, where he fell—darts forward, with one sudden bound, and is gone like a flash toward the distant battle.

This brief scene, this vision of the Horse and his Rider, struck Gates with unfigured chagrin, and he was left with unmingled surprise.

"Armstrong!" shouted Gates turning to a brave man by his side, "Pursue that man! Tell

him it is my command that he returns from the field. Away! Do not lose a minute, for he will do something rash, if left to himself!"

Armstrong springs to his steed, and while the heavens above, and the broad sweeps of woods and fields yonder, are darkened by the smoke of conflict, he pursues the Black Horse and his Rider.

But that Rider looks over his shoulder with a smile of scorn on his lip, a scorn of defiance on his brow. Look! He draws his sword—the sharp blade quivers in the air. He points to the battle, and lo! he is gone—gone through yonder clouds—while his shouts echoes over the fields.

Wherever the fight is thickest, through the intervals of battle smoke and cannon glare, you may see, riding madly forward, that strange soldier, mounted on his steed, black as death.

Look at him, as with his face red with British blood, he waves his sword, and shout to the legions. Now you see him fighting in that cannon's glare, the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up the steep cliff.

Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that nameless soldier, and that noble Black Steed, dashing like a meteor through the long columns of battle?

And all the while, Major Armstrong, spurring his steed to the utmost, pursues him, but in vain. He shouts to him, but the warrior cannot hear. He can see the Black Horse, through the lifted folds of battle smoke, now and then he hears the rider shout.

"Warren! Ho! Warren! Upon them—charge!"

Let us look in for a moment through these clouds of battle. Here, over thick hedge, bursts a band of American militia men—their rude farmer's coats stained with their blood—while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before yonder company of red-coat hirelings, who came rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light.

In the moment of their flight, a Black Horse crashes over the field. The unknown warrior reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of this broad-shouldered militia men.

"Now, coward, advance another step, and I will shoot you to the heart!" shouts the rider, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans—men—and fly before these British soldiers? Back and face them once more—seize your arms—face the foe, or I myself will ride you down!"

That appeal, uttered with deep, indignant tones, and a face convulsed with passion, is not without its effect. The militia man turns, seizes his gun; his comrades as if by one impulse follow his example. They form in solid order along the field, and silently load their pieces; they wait the onset of those British bayonets.

"Reserve your fire until you can touch the point of their bayonets!" was the whispered command of the Unknown. Those militia-men so lately panic-stricken, now regard the approach of the red-coats in silence, yet calmly and without a tremor. The British came on—nearer and nearer yet—you can see their eyes gleam, you can count the buttons on their scarlet coats.

"They seek to terrify the militia-men with shouts; but those plain farmers do not move an inch.

In one line—but twenty men in all—they confront thirty sharp bayonets.

The British advance—they are within two yards.

"Now upon the rebels—charge bayonets!" shouted the red-coat officer.

They spring forward, with the same bound—look! Their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of those rifles!

At this moment the voice of the Rider was heard.

"Now let them have it—fire!"

A sound is heard—a smoke is seen—twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the sod, some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back—but then is no time for surprise.

"Club your rifles, and charge them home!" shouted the Unknown, and the Black Horse springs forward, followed by the militia-men.

Then a confused conflict—a cry of "quarters!"—a vision of the twenty farmers grouped around the Rider of the Black Horse, greeting him with hearty cheers.

Thus it was all the day long.

Wherever that Black Horse and his Rider went, there followed victory. The soldiers in every part of the field seemed to know that Rider, for they bated him with shouts, they obeyed his commands, they rushed after him, over yonder cannon, through yonder line of bayonets. His appearance in any quarter of the field was succeeded by a desperate onset, a terrible charge or a single hand to hand with the soldiers of Burgoyne.

Was this not a strange thing? This unknown man, without a command was obeyed by all the soldiers, as though they recognized their General. They acknowledged him for a Leader, wherever he rode; they followed him to death wherever he gave the word.

Now look for him again!

On the summit of yonder hill, the Black Horse stands erect on his haunches, his fore-legs pawing the air, while the rider bends over his neck and looks toward the clouded valley. The hat has fallen from that Rider's brow; his face is covered with sweat and blood; his right hand grasps that battered sword. How impressive that sight, as an occasional sunbeam lights the Rider's brow, or a red flash of battle light, bathes his face, as in rays of blood!

At this moment, as the black steed rears on the summit of the hill, look yonder from the opposite valley dashes Major Armstrong, in search

of that Unknown Rider, who sees him coming, turns his horse's head and disappears with a laugh of scorn. Still the gallant Major keeps on his way, in search of this man, who excites the fears of General Gates—this brave Rider, who was about to do "something rash."

At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came.

That fortress yonder on Belinus Height, was to be won or the American cause was lost.

That fortress was to be gained, Gates was a dishonored man; Burgoyne a triumphant General.

That fortress yonder—you can see it through the battle clouds—with its wall of red-coats its line of British cannon, its forest of bayonets.

Even those bold riflemen, who were in the wilderness with one Benedict Arnold, who stormed the walls of Quebec, with this Arnold and Montgomery, on that cold daybreak of December 31st, 1775, even those men of iron fell back, terrified at the sight.

That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. Their officers cannot persuade them to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan—that Iron Man among Iron Men—leans on his rifle, and desponds of the field.

But look yonder! In this moment, while all is dismay and horror, here, clashing on comes the Black Horse and his Rider.

That Rider bends from his steed; you can see his phrenzied face, now covered with sweat and dust, and blood. He lays his hand on that bold riflemen's shoulder.

"Come on!" he cries: "you will not fail me now!"

The riflemen knows that face, that voice. As though living fire had been poured into his veins, he grasp his rifle, and starts toward the rock.

"Come on!" he cries the Rider on the Black Horse, turning from one scared face to another.

"Come on! you will not fail me now!"

He speaks in that voice which thrills their blood.

"You were with me in the Wilderness!" he cries to one: "and you at Quebec?" he shouts to another: "do you remember?"

"You at Montreal!"

"And you, there on Lake Champlain! You know me—you have known me long! Have I ever spoken to you in vain? I speak to you now—do you see that Rock? Come on!"

And now look, and now hold your breath as that black steed crashes up the steep rock! Ah, that steed quivers—he totters—he falls! No, no! Still on, still up the rock, still on toward the fortress!

Now look again—his Rider turns his face—

"Come on, Men of Quebec, where I lead you will follow!"

But that cry is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. And up and onward, one fierce bolt of battle, with that Warrior on his Black Steed, leading the dread way, sweep the Men of the Wilderness, the Heroes of Quebec.

Now pour your fires, British cannon. Now lay the dead upon the rock, in tens and twenties. Now—hirelings—about your British battle cry if you can!

For look, as the battle smoke clears away, look there, in the gate of the fortress for the Black Steed and his Rider!

That Steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls, but there his Rider waves the Banner of the Stars, there—as the British cry for quarter, he lifts up his voice, and shouts afar to Horatio Gates, waiting yonder in his tent; he tells him that—

"SARATOGA IS WON!"

And look! As that shout goes up to heaven, he falls upon his Steed, with his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

He lays there on his dead Steed, bleeding and insensible, while his hand, laid over the neck of the gallant Horse, still grasps the Banner of the Stars.

Who was the Rider of the Black Horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze upon that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the scars of a former wound—a hideous wound it must have been. Now, do you not guess his name? That wound was received at the Storming of Quebec; that Rider of the Black Horse was Benedict Arnold.

In this hour, while the sun was setting over the field of the Seventh of October—while the mists of battle lay piled in heavy clouds above the walls of the conquered fortress—here, up the steep rock came Major Armstrong, for the man who "might do something rash!"

He found him at last, but it was in the gate of the fortress, on the body of the dead steed, bleeding from his wound, that he discovered the face of Benedict Arnold, the Victor of Belinus Heights.

This was not the moment to deliver the message of Gates. No! for this Rash Man had won laurels for his brow, defeated Burgoyne for him, rescued the army from disaster and defeat. He had done something—nause.

Therefore, Armstrong, brave generous as he was, bent over the wounded man, shifted him from among the heaps of dead and bore him to a place of repose.

Would it be credited by persons unacquainted with our history—would the fact which I record with blushes and shame for the pettiness of human nature, be believed, unless supported by evidence that cannot be!

General Gates, in his bulletin of the battle, did not mention the name of Benedict Arnold!

Medulinks, even now, I see the same Horatio flying from the bloody field of Camden—where

an army was annihilated—his hair turning white as snow, as he pursues his terrible flight, without one resting for eighty miles—methinks I hear him call for another Arnold, to win this battle, as SARATOGA WAS WON!

*** AUTHOR'S NOTE.**—This incident, supported by the strongest evidence, may afford the reader some idea of that wounded self esteem, that sense of rank injustice and neglect, which afterwards ended in the Treason of Arnold.

It must be confessed that the character of Gates gains as little glory from this circumstance, as from his supposed connection with the Cabal, who conspired for the overthrow of Washington. Burgoyne spoke in the highest terms of Arnold's courage and military genius, as displayed in this battle, and the fight of Sept. 19. Washington soon afterwards presented Arnold with a set of epaulettes and a sword hilt (which he had received from a French nobleman,) as a testimonial of his esteem for the Victor of Saratoga.

A STRANGE STORY. The New Orleans Delta says that a few years since a Sergeant in the army at Fort Leavenworth was arrested on a charge of having stolen money from Lieut. T—, an officer at that station. He ran away, was followed, arrested, and the money found upon him. The Lieutenant, on hearing of his arrest, disappeared, and was supposed to have been murdered.

The Sergeant was brought up for examination. The proofs were exhibited to him, the money, his flight, &c.; his only reply was, "Where is my accuser? Bring him before me, and you shall see who is the thief." But Lieut. T— could not be found.

The Sergeant then confessed that he had been bribed by Lieut. T—to desert, and take upon himself the infamy which justly belonged to the Lieutenant himself, who was a defaulter to the government, and wished to cover his crime by the alleged robbery of the Sergeant.

That he had given him two hundred dollars and a horse, to fly from the fort, which, after a severe conflict with conscience, he at last consented to do, but that before he had gone many miles his horse broke down, and he was then overtaken and arrested.

The Sergeant thus convicted by his own story of a participation in the affair, was sent to the penitentiary.

Nothing was heard from Lieut. T— until after the surrender of Monterey, when he was discovered acting as a Colonel of the Mexican troops, thus adding treachery to his country to his former crimes. The Delta says:—

"As soon as the Mexican's eye fell upon the faces of the two Americans, he was observed to grow deadly pale, and to pull his cap over his eyes and turn away. But the American had seen enough to satisfy them, that the Mexican Colonel was no other than the renegade Lieut. T—, for whose crime a poor man suffers the infamy of imprisonment in the penitentiary of Missouri. An inspection of the Mexican military roll, and inquiry among the Mexican officers, confirmed the truth of the personal observation of our officers.

We understand that this evidence will be laid before the Executive, for the purpose of obtaining a commutation of the punishment of the unfortunate Sergeant, the victim of the infamous treachery and villainy of this base officer, who, to the crime of having disgraced his country's uniform and betrayed its confidence, adds the eternal infamy of the parricide and the traitor."

HOW THE POLYNESIANS BECOME SWIMMERS.

One day I had repaired to the stream for the purpose of bathing, when I observed a woman sitting upon a rock in the midst of the current, and watching with the liveliest interest the gambols of something, which at first I took to be an uncommonly large species of frog, that was sporting in the water near her. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, I waded towards the spot where she sat, and could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I beheld a little infant, the period of whose birth could not have extended back many days, paddling about as if it had just risen to the surface, after being hatched into existence at the bottom. Occasionally, the delighted parent reached out her hands towards it, when the little thing, uttering a faint cry, and striking out its tiny limbs, would sidle for the rock, and the next moment be clasped to its mother's bosom. This was repeated again and again, the baby remaining in the stream about a minute at a time. Once or twice it made wry faces at swallowing a mouthful of water, and choked and spluttered as it on the point of strangling. For several weeks afterwards I observed this woman bringing her child down to the stream regularly every day, in the cool of the morning and evening, and treating it to a bath. No wonder that the South Sea Islanders are so amphibious a race, when they are thus launched into the water as soon as they see the light.—*McNeill's Residence in the Marquesas.*

A talking match lately came off at New Orleans for five dollars a side. It continued, according to the Advertiser, for thirteen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were all talked to sleep, and when they waked up in the morning, they found the Frenchman dead and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

A gentleman conversing with an Irishman, stated that he had "seen a telescope with which he could see rocks in the moon." "Arrah," said Pat, "an' was it not my own father that had a telescope which would bring a pig as near that you could see him five miles off, an' faith you could hear him grunt too?"

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter—"Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man, but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

The Report of the Post Master General is a well written document, but our limits will only permit us to give an abstract of its contents.

The loss of revenue under the new law the first year when compared with the annual average of the nine preceding years is \$877,425 30

The loss of revenue the first year under the new law as compared with the preceding is \$802,624 45

This diminution arises principally from the loss on letter postage, though no inconsiderable portion of it is traced to the following causes.

First—Expresses still continue to run regularly between large cities, collecting and transporting for pay a large amount of mailable matter.

Second—Advantage is taken of that provision of the law which limits the weight of a single letter to 1-2 an ounce, to cover the correspondence of third persons; and even packages of letters addressed to different individuals are collected together and placed under a single cover and directed to some third person for distribution, by which means 100 letters thus enveloped weighing 8 ounces are charged under 300 miles, 80 cents, over 300 miles \$1.80, when the Department is entitled to receive under the law 5 or 10 dollars according to the distance.

Third—Advantage is taken of that provision of the law which authorizes letters in relation to the cargo to be taken over mail routes free of postage, to cover correspondence in relation to other matters.

Again—Transient newspapers, advertisements, printed or lithographed circulars, in great numbers, are addressed to postmasters and others, not ordering them, which are not called for, and if called for, refused to be taken from the office.

These and similar practices to evade the payment of postage, with the immense mass of dead letters, averaging annually between one and a half and two millions in number, encumber the mails unnecessarily, and without any profit to the Department.

To remedy these evils it is recommended that the law be so amended as to make the single letter weigh one quarter instead of the half ounce, except in the case of a letter weighing less than half an ounce, and written upon a single sheet of paper.

That the same power be given to the P. O. Dept. to prevent a violation of its revenue laws, as is now given the Secretary of the Treasury against smugglers.

That all letters passing over mail routes, which relate to the cargo, be free, when they are unsealed, and subject to the inspection of the P. O. agent, when fraud is suspected. And that the postage on newspapers be so adjusted as to approach more nearly the cost of transportation and delivery, and be made more equal and just, as between the publishers.

It is also suggested as regards newspapers, that the rates of postage should be regulated according to the size or weight of the paper and the distance to be carried, reserving the right to them of taking their own papers over mail routes out of the mails.

Transient newspapers, or those sent by others to the publishers to the subscribers, as they are usually sent in lieu of letters, should be rated higher than other newspapers.

All printed matter passing through the mails should be prepaid or rated with double postage.

The whole expenditure for the year ending 30th June, 1846, amounted to 4,084,297.22

The income for the same time, including the postage paid by the different branches of the Executive Government, amounted to 3,487,199.35

Leaving a deficiency of income of \$597,097.87

There has been a great saving in the new method of letting mail contracts, while at the same time the department has, in the new contracts, increased the frequency and despatch of the mails.

Near one-third of the offices in the U. S. have been voluntarily vacated since the passage of the act of 2d March, 1845. This is in a great degree attributed to the increased labor in the offices and the diminished compensation to postmasters, produced by it.

The omission of the act of 1845 to provide for increased compensation proportioned to the increased labors, has deprived the department of the services of many of its most efficient officers, and still prevents in many cases, individuals qualified for the discharge of these duties, from accepting them.

For reasons given at length the P. M. General declined establishing an express line which has been as anxiously sought by a portion of the citizens of New Orleans.

The contractors for the transportation of the mails between New York and Bremen by ocean steamers, are rapidly progressing with the construction of the first vessel, and but little doubt entertained that the service will be commenced early in the spring.

In regard to the Telegraph, it is said, the evils which the community may suffer or the benefits which individuals may derive from the possession of such an instrument under the control of private associations, or incorporated companies not controlled by law, cannot be overestimated, and unless the government has the exclusive right to its discovery, the great objects of the Department will be superseded and frustrated. It is therefore the settled conviction of the P. M. General, that the public interest as well as the satisfaction the citizen requires that the Government should get the exclusive control of it by purchase, and that its use should be subjected to the restraint of law.

The area included within the present undivided limits of Wisconsin, is estimated at about 200,000 square miles—equal to New York and Pennsylvania, and larger by 25,000 square miles than the six New England States; and the commission propose to divide the territory into two parts, under the act of Aug. 6, 1846.

Slavery grows on people; it begins in colds and ends in iron chains. The more miserable a man is to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.

The N. O. Pelayune has papers from the city of Mexico to the 17th of November, a fortnight later than any other advices. Active preparations were making for the meeting of the Congress. About forty of the deputies had already arrived from the different departments, and the government paper urged the assembling of the body even in advance of the appointed time, on account of the urgency of the matters requiring legislative action. "The events of the war with the United States," the necessity of great resources to sustain it, and some other points relative to the same important matter," are enumerated as the principal business to be brought before the Congress. The passage italicized is conjectured to intimate that the proffers to re-open negotiations, reported to have been twice tendered by our Government, will be submitted, in connection with the general subject of the war, to the consideration of the congressional deputies.

Gen. Almonte continued in the department of war, and his numerous published orders in relation to the service evinced much spirit and activity.

Various propositions are made for investing Santa Anna with dictatorial powers. The advancement of Gen. Taylor's division of the army toward San Luis was expected early in November; and corresponding activity was evinced in completing the fortifications, and otherwise providing for the defence of the city.

On the 10th November, Santa Anna transmitted to Mexico, where it was published in the Government Diario, the subjoined interesting correspondence between Gen. Taylor and himself.

Army of Occupation, Monterey, Nov. 5, 1846

SIR: In the Convention agreed upon the 24th of September, it was conceded that the American forces should not pass a stipulated line before the expiration of eight weeks, or until they should receive orders or instructions from their government.

In conformity therein, I have the honor of apprising you that my government has directed me to terminate the suspension of hostilities, and accordingly I consider myself at liberty to pass the designated line after the 15th inst., by which date I presume this communication will have reached your hands at San Luis Potosi.

I have been informed that several Americans who were taken prisoners at China and other points, are now at San Luis, detained as such, and that you will deem it an act of justice to release these men and allow them to rejoin the forces under my command.

When the convention was entered into to which I have referred, I entertained hopes that the terms in which it was conceived would open a way for the two Republics to agree upon an honorable peace and acting upon this conviction, I once released the prisoners of war who were my paper, among whom were three officers.

At that time I did not know that there were American prisoners who had been sent into the interior. I trust that my conduct will be deemed a sufficient ground to justify you in yielding to this request and to the dictates of humanity towards the American prisoners who I am told are at San Luis.

In case Major Graham, the bearer of this communication, reaches your head quarters, I take the liberty to commend him to your courtesy, and shall be pleased to receive by him your reply to this communication, whatever it may be. I reserve the honor to be, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, NOV. 10, 1846

GENERAL: At 10 o'clock morning, by an official communication of the Governor of Coahuila of the 5th inst. I received your letter of the 4th, apprising me of your intention, by order of your government, of breaking the convention agreed upon at Monterey, on the 13th of the present month the time therein designated, by which you supposed I should receive your communication.

Believing that the terms stipulated in said convention should be religiously observed by both parties, I had taken no step which should tend to violate it, but in view of the obligation you demanded upon you by the orders of your government, I confine myself by replying, that you can, if it pleases you, commence hostilities, to which I shall correspond accordingly.

In regard to the American prisoners, let me say there are only seven of them at this post, a list of whom is annexed; and relying upon your representations in regard to the release of several Mexicans, I have determined to respond to your generosity by doing the same to the seven referred to, whom the commissary of this army will send you with \$70 for their ransom each on the road.

Your remark that when the convention was entered into at Monterey, you entertained the hope that the terms in which it was conceived would open a way for the two republics to agree upon an honorable peace. Leaving out the question whether that convention was the result of necessity or of the noble views now disclosed by your statement myself by saying, that from this your decision manifested by all Mexicans, you cannot banish all idea of peace while a single American in arms trespasses the territory of this Republic, and there remains in front of us the squadron which make war upon Mexico. Nevertheless, the extraordinary Council will assemble in the capital toward the end of the present year, and that august body will determine what it shall judge most suitable for the good of the country and the interest of the nation.

Major Graham has not arrived at my quarters, but he does so, he would have been received in the manner due to his rank and employment, and in conformity with the wishes expressed to me in his behalf by you.

I have the honor to offer you the assurances of my distinguished consideration. God and Liberty.

SANTA ANNA.

The following is a list of the prisoners whom Captain Montero Hernandez conducted to San Luis Potosi, and who have been set at liberty by Santa Anna:—Chas. W. Telfs, Harrison and F. Peert, Henry P. Lyon, James Q. Ellis, Elliot Puett, Thos Gillespie.

Two of the men thus saved were Texans, who

it was supposed at Monterey, among their comrades, were dead.

On the publication of these letters, the Mexican official journal issued the following piece of superlative bombast:

"By the communications which we this day insert, our readers will learn that Gen. Taylor has declared that he is about to re-commence hostilities upon the republics. The moment has arrived—the result is close at hand of a terrible conflict which is to decide the future lot of the nation.

"The enthusiasm of our army is great; it is determined to fall or triumph, and he trust it will know how to flower with honor the Mexican blood which flowed at Matamoros and Monterey.

"The whole world is contending this struggle; its eyes are fixed upon our republic, whose rights and prerogatives as an independent and sovereign nation have been so audaciously and perfidiously trampled upon by the United States of the north. If the republic rises with the emergency—by the elastic impulse of all its citizens shall chastise its enemies, and if by force of arms it makes its international rights respected from that day forth the fate of Mexico will be eternally fixed, since it secures its independence, is respectably abroad and its liberty at home.

LATER.

Stearns Alabama arrived at New Orleans on the 15th instant, bringing dates from Brazos St. Jago to the 11th, Matamoros to the 9th and Monterey to the 1st. She also brought about 15 officers, part of them sick, and 256 sick and discharged soldiers, including a number wounded at Monterey. Also the crew of the lost steamer Neptune.

For two days before she sailed the steamer had no communication with the shore, on account of the bad weather.

It was reported at Matamoros that 60 government wagons, with provisions and specie, had been captured by Canales, on the road between Matamoros and Monterey. We don't believe it.

A Brazos correspondent of the *Pico* yesterday informs him that Gen. Taylor had returned to old friend who left Monterey on the 27th Nov. and expressed himself pleased with the appearance of the city, which was in quiet possession of the troops under Gen. Worth.

"Saltillo is about 65 miles from Monterey, and it had an elevation of some 2,000 feet above the water place. The cold, in consequence, is frequently quite intense. Gen. Taylor says it could be well there. No demonstration against Gen. Worth had been made by the enemy, although only at the distance of 25 miles from him. Scouts had discovered about 3,000 Mexican cavalry, said to have been sent from San Luis de Potosi for the purpose of grazing their horses.

Gen. Worth had been ordered by Gen. Taylor to occupy forthwith the town of Parras, a small but beautiful place seventy miles northward of Saltillo. Gen. Worth would have no opposition of troops, as the militiamen were prepared to receive him peaceably. His troops are in the best of health and discipline.

The ultimate plans of Gen. Taylor had not of course been fully developed, but sufficient was known to render it quite certain that something of the following nature was to be adhered to. He had received intelligence from the government of the aid for additional troops. He would accordingly occupy all the posts, towns, &c. either directly or remotely, on the line of operations from Tampico. Lieut. Col. Riley now occupies Monte Armas with the 2d regiment of the U. S. Infantry. Gen. Taylor would himself take up the line of march for Victoria, where, rumor has it, Santa Anna has 10,000 choice troops.

"His city is indispensably necessary to Gen. Taylor, that he may secure his lines of communication on an attack upon San Luis Potosi—Santa Anna knows its importance, and will not rest its possession by our troops. Gen. Taylor intended to march, as soon as provisions had been hastened up—which would probably be the 15th of Dec.—with the 3d, 4th, and 7th regiments, the dragoons under Col. Blunt, who arrived at Monterey, Bragg's battery, and a regiment of volunteers, which latter had been designated.

It could be seen that Gen. Taylor had placed much importance to the rumor of Santa Anna's 10,000 troops, as he had for a person the nation against Victoria. After taking this into account, it is thought he will wait no further for reinforcements, and direct reinforcements reach from Tampico.

Should Gen. Batters' health admit of it, he is left at Monterey in command, otherwise Smith, of the rifles, will be detached for that purpose. Gen. Batters' wound is said to be getting worse. The air of Monterey is considered favorable to wounded invalids, and the war has been advised that all such should leave the country if practicable.

The Mexicans, finding that they cannot succeed in their bold enterprise, have been obliged to desert by orders of tempting harassment and promotion, and it is to be regretted that in many instances their schemes have succeeded. The alcalde's son was arrested a few days since, and imprisoned, having been detected in carrying on his species of war, and remiss as a prisoner.

When the alcalde, who has been treated with kindness and consideration by Gen. Taylor, of his son's imprisonment, he remonstrated to the general against his further detention—'old horn' bladed men' in a moment, and 'for you' upon the alcalde in his style. He told him of measured philosophy, that he was well needed of his son's guilt, and not entirely free of suspicions of his worthy self; and that if he persisted in once assist in restoring those who had seduced to desert, he would bring his own self too, as high as Hancun hung.

He said, and on good authority, that Santa Anna, fearing the congress about to assemble at Mexico would not carry out his measures, or fail to obtain him, had detached and marched to the same town thousands more, under the pretence of settling down another outbreak of the populace, and well aware that Gen. Taylor cannot attack Mexico in his strongholds at San Luis some two or three miles north.

—U. S. Press.

Just before the adjournment of the house, on Tuesday, the following message was received from the President, in reply to Garrett Davis's resolution of inquiry:—

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

In compliance with the request contained in the resolution of the 15th inst., I communicate herewith reports of the secretary of war and secretary of navy, with the documents which accompany them. These documents contain all the orders or instructions to any military, naval or other officer of the government in relation to the establishment or organization of civil government in any portion of the territory of Mexico which has or which might be taken possession of by the army or navy of the United States.

These orders and instructions were given to regulate the exercise of the rights of the belligerents engaged in actual war over such portions of the territory of our enemy as by military conquest might be taken possession of, and be accepted by our army of force; rights necessarily resulting from a state of war and clearly recognized by the laws of nations.

This was all the authority which could be delegated to our military or naval commanders, and its exercise was indispensable to the secure occupation and possession of territory of the enemy which might be conquered. The regulations authorized were temporary and dependent upon the rights acquired by conquest.

They were authorized, independent rights and were to be carried into effect by military or naval officers. They were not the amelioration of martial law, which modern civilization requires, and were due as well to the security of conquest as to the inhabitants of the conquered territory.

The documents communicated also contain the reports of several highly meritorious officers of our army and navy, who have conquered and taken possession of portions of the enemy's territory.

Among the documents accompanying the report of the secretary of war will be found a formal government, "established and organized" by the military commander, who conquered and occupied New Mexico. This document was received at the war department in the latter part of the last month, and, as will be perceived by the report of the secretary of war, was not, for the reasons stated by that officer, brought to my knowledge until after my annual message of the 31st inst. was communicated to congress.

It is declared on its face to be a "temporary government of said territory," but there are portions of it which purport to "establish and organize" a permanent territorial government of the United States over the territory and to transmit its inhabitants political rights, which under the constitution of the United States, can be conferred practically only by congress of the United States. There have not been "approved and recognized."

Such organized relations as have been established in any portion of the conquered territories for the security of our conquest, for the preservation of order, for the protection of the rights of individuals and for depriving the enemy of the advantages of these territories while the war was in progress, will be recognized and maintained.

It will be apparent, from the reports of the officers who have been reported by the annex, that this country desires to respect the policy of the present government over the conquered territories that if any excess of power has been expressed, the department has been the victim of a patriotic desire to give the inhabitants a peaceful and democratic government to be placed at their own free will, and which they have elected to submit to increase their condition and improve their property.

A very few excesses have occurred in practical war, but even in such cases, the government is bound to do what is possible to give the feelings of the inhabitants of the conquered territory.

JAMES K. FOLK.

W. Washington, Dec. 22, 1846.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE OF NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTS.—The steamer occurred at New York, December, under date of Post, November 25. Early in the morning Mr. A. Vander Vliet, who has spent ten or twelve years of his life, and between 20 and 30,000 dollars of his own fortune in promoting the great work for the cure and amendment of an exchange of the natural and artificial products of the two continents. Mr. Vander Vliet showed me the collection of expended works from the French press, which is about to ship to America. The Messrs. N. York, and other States which had decided to buy products of the American people, public institutions in France. They will be placed on our side of the water. Mr. Vander Vliet is engaged in a noble work, and I hope to learn that many of those who can do it to promote its accomplishment, are of the same high regard as of giving him the best which he has long sought in vain. The French government found several thousand francs to enable him to visit America. I expect, I understand, to embark in the next few months, and it is hoped that the exchange of natural products in America will be carried on with such Mr. Vander Vliet's enterprise will be crowned with success.

Taylor's negro boy was sent after some distance from the camp at Monterey and Mexican army of war slaves, fellow him and brutally murdered him on the spot. The negroes were arrested and turned over by General Taylor to the alcalde. They confessed they

[illegible]

Dr. Wood's SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY BITTERS.

For the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise in an Impure Blood, Impaired Digestion, Morbid state of the Liver and Stomach, Weakness of the Nervous System, and all Disorders of the Constitution generally.

DR. WOOD'S SARSAPARILLA AND Wild Cherry Bitters, have already by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation. Being faithfully prepared from the most excellent materials, they can be fully relied on in all need of a tonic, aperient or alterative remedy. *Sarsaparilla* takes a high rank among all other medicines in the list of curative agents, and it is this fact which has rendered it so deceptively popular over all other medicines of the day. In Dr. Wood's standard preparation, it is warranted to be found in great purity and strength, and getting much by its union with the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their virtues extracted by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its unusual power and efficacy.

This preparation will be found on trial, to be a sure and speedy remedy for the diseases enumerated above. They purify the blood, secure regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once securing health and vigor to the whole system. In all cases of *indigestion*, arising from Indigestion or Nervous Irritation, they have been used with remarkable success; nor are they less useful as a remedy for the Stomach, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, and a general prostration of the system. At the same time, it must be stated, that they are neither violent nor at all dangerous in their operation, securing, as they do, the desired end, by a steady, regular and easy influence. Taken daily, in doses prescribed, they will be found to operate in that gentle and satisfactory manner, which, in fact, their highest recommendation. The following certificates, among many others which have been received from the most respectable sources, furnish satisfactory proof of the value and efficacy of this highly popular medicine.

Mr. E. THORNTON, Jr.

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that my daughter has been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, attended with almost constant headaches and other distressing symptoms which accompanied this disease. She visited Boston to avail herself of the justly celebrated physicians of that city, all to no purpose. By the solicitation of a friend, I was induced to purchase a bottle of Dr. Wood's *Sarsaparilla* and Wild Cherry Bitters. Before taking one bottle she was relieved entirely of the headache, and after taking two or three bottles, the other symptoms entirely disappeared.

N. B. GIBBS.

North Fairhaven, Long Plain, June 16, 1845.

Mr. E. THORNTON, Jr.

Dear Sir,—My daughter has been for more than two years afflicted with a confirmed Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, together with a severe and constant headache. During this time, she was constantly under the treatment of the most skillful and intelligent physicians, but with little or no relief, and without the disease was rapidly taking the form of confirmed consumption. At this time, I determined to have recourse to Dr. Wood's *Sarsaparilla* and Wild Cherry Bitters, as prepared by you, and it gives me the sincerest pleasure to state, that after the use of a few bottles my daughter was happily restored to health. I have the highest confidence in this medicine, and shall cheerfully recommend it to my friends.

Very truly yours,

ANSEL WHITE.

The cure described in the above certificate of Mr. White, is by no means a singular one. There are hundreds who have been freed from the most acute and long continued disease by the use of this excellent and highly popular remedy. The proprietor recommends it to the public with the utmost confidence, beyond the expectations of the patient even his own. The care with which it is prepared, and the uniform excellence of its materials, should secure, and have secured for it, a character which it well deserves. The prejudice usually existing against advertised medicines, will not be merited if bestowed on this. The wonderful cures it has performed, and the knowledge of the reliability of its principal constituents, should at once remove doubt to the public favor.

Be particular and ask for Dr. Wood's *Sarsaparilla* and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other.

E. THORNTON, Jr., sole Proprietor.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent, PARIS. A. Hall, South

Paris. Hall & Co., New York.

EDWARD MASON, Portland; and sold by Agents throughout the New England States.

Dec. 22, 1846.

oxlaxmadecvot61

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, 23:

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction at the inn of Samuel Lane, Oxford in said county, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of January, 1847, at 2 o'clock P. M. all the right which Samuel Chadbourne said Oxford has in equity to redeem the following described real estate, situate in Oxford aforesaid, viz: Beginning on the bank of the Little Androscoggin River on the North side of the said Oxford aforesaid, and extending easterly and southerly to the line of the first mentioned land, containing eight acres and one hundred and twenty rods; the same have been merged by said Chadbourne on the 5th day of March, 1844, to George Robinson, to secure the payment of forty eight dollars and seventy cents and interest, as will appear by the records in said County Book 65, page 342. SAID F. RAWSON, Deft. Shff

December 9, 1846.

Tavern-House and Store for Sale.

The new and spacious Tavern House, and Store, lately occupied by A. Prentiss & Co., in the village of Lee, in the County of Penobscot, near the Academy, and on a new and rapidly increasing line of travel and business, will be sold at a great bargain and on reasonable terms of payment; it being so circumstanced that it will be sold much under its real value.

This will be found one of the best stands in the country for a tavern, boarding house, and store, and the buildings are not inferior to any in the county, out of Bangor, and the location pleasant.

Inquire at the premises, or of

October 6, 1846

H. E. PRENTISS, at Bangor.

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Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery

AND—

Phonographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the Gold and Silver Medals.

Four First Premiums, and Two Highest Honors at the National, Mass. Champs, the New York, and the Pennsylvania Exhibitions, respectively, for the most splendid Colored Daguerotypes and best apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to weather. A large assortment of Apparatus and Stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 151 Broadway; Philadelphia, 126 Chestnut St.; Boston, 75 Court, and 58 Hanover St.; Baltimore, 203 Baltimore St.; Washington, 141 Pennsylvania Ave.; New Orleans, 176 Main St.; Harrisburg, 127 North 2nd St.; Louisville, 127 North 2nd St.; New Orleans, 176 Main St.; Harrisburg, 127 North 2nd St.; Louisville, 127 North 2nd St.

July 7, 1846.

Caution.

NOTICE is hereby given to forbid all persons harboring or trusting Elizabeth Moore and Adeline Moore on my account, they having left my house and board without my consent, as I have made suitable provision for their maintenance, and shall pay no debts of their contracting after this date.

SAMUEL WEBSTER.

Dixfield, Dec. 10th, 1846.

WANTED,

\$1000

In payment of arrears for the Democrat, Advertising, &c.

WORMS EASILY REMOVED WINTER'S Canadian Vermifuge!

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE every year from the disease produced by Worms! They are the cause of numerous and frightful diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Cases are recorded of their producing St. Vitus's Dance, Locked Jaw, Spitting, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Rickets, Palpitation of the Heart, Eruptions, Dry Cough, Severe Pains, Pleurisy, Emaciation, total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They consume all nourishment in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winter's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affliction. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slime which forms the nest of worms, and greatly improves and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and no family should be without it.

P. S. Parents may be assured that this medicine is perfectly harmless in all its effects. It is carefully compounded, of the very best materials, and there is not the least danger in using it.

Price only 25 cents per bottle.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 120 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

For Sale by—J. R. HAMMOND, Paris; Hall & Dow, Newbury Grove & Chubb, Chubb, John Lake, Turner, Charles F. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. C. Conner, Portland; H. Blake, Harrison; J. H. Wardwell, Bangor; and Edward Mason, Portland—June 20, 1846.

DR. UPLAND'S

Vegetable Internal Remedy

FOR THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Secured.

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Swelling and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; Inflammation and Ulceration of the Rectum; Hemorrhoids; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE VEGETABLE PILE ELECTUARY

invented by Dr. Upland, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for this dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the human race.

Black there is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, whether internal or external, and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure for the disease, and it is a cure in a remarkable manner. Each box contains twelve doses, at \$1.50 per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are rendered unnecessary. It is a cure in a remarkable manner. It is a cure in a remarkable manner. It is a cure in a remarkable manner.

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NEW ARRANGEMENT. F. BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA & TOMATO BITTERS.

IN order to make this best of medicines the cheapest be sold, the proprietor has been induced to put his